

Emails From 1995 by flippyspoon

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Emails From 1995

08/03/95

Send To: maverick66@aol.com

Subject: Found a Box

Babe-

I had to close down The Dragon last night but I did enjoy your 7 FILTHY messages even if they gave me crazy blue balls. I jerked off but without you even coming might as well be not coming. Least I had your voice. How romantic am I?

Glad your mom is doing better. I guess. Kidding. Sort of. Do you think the surgery will cure her of trying to turn you straight? Probably not.

HEY. I was looking for some old band shirts in the closet and I found a box with a photo in it that I didn't know existed. Took me a while to figure out when the hell we took it.

You remember the second night we were in L.A., we were wandering around downtown and walked over an overpass. The streetlights were blue -made us feel like we were inside a cobalt bottle full of lightning, and you stopped there and grabbed the chainlink fencing, staring down at the cars rushing by on the freeway. I think that was when you first realized we were really here. You said we were one of those cars now, rushing by, living life. You said you were so excited your heart was pounding and you didn't know why. I guess we took a picture there of the cars blurring by- streaks of white lights, choppers flying over. I remember that so well- it's weird. Like I remember the chainlink of that fence between my fingers, all dirty and dusty. You kissed me and I touched your face and smudged it with soot and shit. I remember the way the blue streetlights made your eyes look a little wild and it was breezy and your hair was blowing around. You kept looking up at the chopper like they were after you. I think you yelled at it.

Every morning you're gone I forget and I freak out for a second feeling the bed empty next to me.

Maybe it's no surprise to you but I didn't know I was the kinda guy who would miss you THIS much.
It's kinda killing me, babe.

Don't let your dad be an asshole.

Miss you,

Billy

08/03/95

Send To: DingDongDix0613@aol.com

Re: Found a Box

Hey Baby,

I can't sleep at all. If I'd known you were emailing so late I would've sent you a chat message thing but...you need to sleep if you're closing down The Dragon. I really can't keep my cool around my dad anymore, I keep blowing up at him. You'd laugh your ass off. Losing my mind, man. I just watched Nick at Nite for like four hours because I couldn't sleep. Bewitched, I Dream of Jeannie, and your favorite: Green Acres.

Everything is the same but it all feels weird as hell now. Partly because I sit on that same couch and remember when we were first friends before anything happened...you know, like that entire three months haha. I just remember you sitting there next to me and the tension was so thick it was like a fucking...thing in the room. You know what I mean. You'd sit there all stiff, watching some sitcom and neither of us we're laughing. Probably because we both had huge boners at the time. And then...everything. Jesus. I'm sleeping in my old bed and I about started balling thinking of those first couple nights you stayed over. It's so weird to think back. At the time you seemed so...I don't know...edgy and dangerous and I didn't know if you were going to kiss me or flip out and punch a wall half the time

and when I think back it's so obvious now how terrified you were (I mean me too obviously). We were so dumb and scared, I don't know how we were ever smart enough to find each other through all the bullshit. Thank God though.

I'm rambling because I can't sleep and I miss you.

I remember that night on the overpass. Yeah, I remember thinking the air tasted different than Hawkins and the light looked different and it felt like we owned the whole night, the whole city. Like it was all made just for us.

Do you know that the stain on the wall from where you threw the jar of mayo after I got torn up by the demodog is still on the kitchen wall? Mom just put a picture in front of it but I checked. That cigarette burn is still on the arm of the couch in the rec room. There are still three cans of Aqua Net in my old dresser. You're all over this house but I can't touch you and it's like an ache.

It's killing me too. Trust me. I was in bed and I thought of how different you felt in my arms back then. Like you were softer and harder at the same time.

Jesus, I miss your face.

Love you,

Steve

08/04/95

Send To: maverick66@aol.com

Subject: Re: Found a Box

Babe,

Fuck you! You're killing me. Why didn't I just come out with you???
Yes yes, I know why but...fuck.

I was such an incredible ball of fucked up back then. Don't remind

me. I don't know. Thinking of us back then sort of hurts but in a good way too. Right? Everything felt like too much in those days. Like every time you looked at me it was the greatest thing ever and when I fucked up and hurt you or I thought we were done-because I literally always thought we were done about every five seconds-it was the end of the fucking world. It was like the heights of ecstasy and the depths of grief every single day. Christ, how did we make it? AND THAT'S NOT EVEN COUNTING THE MONSTERS.

I'm GLAD the mayo stain is still on the wall. I hope Hopper comes over and moves the fucking picture and sees it because I was throwing it at him and I still don't totally forgive him for letting you get fucked up that night. But tell him I said hi anyway.

I found another picture! This one I remember. I took it in my old room. It was that weekend Asshole and Susan got stuck in Chicago. It was just before graduation. We felt like we were getting away with something just by hanging out at my place and we weren't even doing anything. We were just playing records. I remember feeling so weirdly free. You opened my window and I was smoking, dancing around in my jeans, place was a mess. You took a picture of that too-me mugging like an idiot standing in this disaster of a room. You had your shirt off too because it was about 85 degrees in there. You lay back on the bed and your head was half out the window, you raised your arms and tapped on the glass. You were singing "Magic Man" and you were sweaty. I remember grabbing the Instamatic and I was looking at you- this hot boy, hot wonderful beautiful fun boy who liked me and I had no idea why-not that I didn't pretend. And you were in my BED. Sex on Legs Harrington was in my bed. I'm glad I took a picture.

Come home soon.

Love,

Billy

08/05/95

Send To: DingDongDix0613@aol.com

Re: Found a Box

Hey Baby,

Okay, so I can't sleep again but on the bright side, I found that shoebox you asked me about. I'll bring it back with me if you want. You're so sentimental (shut up, you totally are but you probably caught it from me). Most of this shit is yours. Which makes sense, I guess you were hiding it from your dad. I found all the notes I ever sent you in class. Also found a photo booth strip of us making out and I totally don't remember getting it but it's cute as hell.

I got a beer with Hopper last night and told him you were still mad and he just laughed. Could be because you cried and told him he was your "real dad" after we destroyed The Gate. But you were kinda hopped up on painkillers at the time (you meant it). It was great to see him, I gave him your love. He says he and Joyce will come out to see us next time The Party's in town. Sounds like bullshit but that would be nice. I think he'd get a kick out of your bike.

My dad on the other hand asked me when I'm finally going to come to my senses and find a nice girl so I'm not talking to him. Also came to my attention that mom is chewing the scenery on her recovery to keep me here (funny how they finally want me around now that I'm gone) so I'm leaving day after tomorrow once I wrap up some shit.

I'm rambling because... Okay, well I saw your dad in town when I was on my way to meet Hopper. No big deal. Just saw him waiting outside Melvald's. He looked so much older. Old, lonely, and small. We just stared at each other for the longest time. It was really weird. He didn't talk to me, I didn't talk to him. Brought this up to Hopper who says Neil's like the old sad hermit of Hawkins now, all alone and yelling at birds. Yeah, I thought you'd get a kick out of that.

This morning I got up early and jogged through the woods and it felt like I could hear echos of everything, like the past was playing all around me like a movie. I swear I could hear us laughing, patrolling the woods that whole summer of '85. You and me. Axe and bat. Do you remember when I'd grab you and tell you to shut up because I'd heard something? I never heard anything. Not once. I just wanted an excuse to touch you. I did that all the time. Once you were really

pissed, you were all up in my face and I had no idea what you were saying, I was staring at the sweat sliding down your cheek because I wanted to lick it.

It's not like I needed your absence to make the heart grow fonder or whatever but holy shit I'm going to make love to you like it's going out of style when I get home.

Keep the bed warm for me.

Love,

Steve

08/07/95

Send To: maverick66@aol.com

Subject: Re: Found a Box

Babe,

You're on plane right now and I don't think you'll see this until probably late tonight and definitely not until we've fucked several times if I have anything to say about it.

So you're going to kill me but all I can think right now is that I wish I'd gone with you. Not just because I miss you but I wouldn't mind seeing Hawkins now the way you're seeing it. Which fucking sucks because I said I'd never go back and it makes me feel like a tool. But I keep thinking of places.

Did you go see The Bench? You know, The Bench. You sat me down after an attack and my shirt was all shredded and I was covered in goo and all fucked up. You looked so freaked and we had no idea where the kids had gone and you kept saying, "It's okay, it's okay, it's gonna be okay." You always remember that I was shaking but I wasn't at first, not til you got in all close, that's why I was shaking. Because I was a live wire around you by then and I really thought we were about to eat it, like I remember the fucking demogorgon coming right at me and all I thought was 'I never kissed him and he has no

idea.' But you had to go being badass and you kissed me. I'll never forget it. You had my hands in yours, you were afraid I'd broken a couple fingers. You were all worried about my knuckles and they weren't even fucked up from the demogorgon and you kept touching them so softly and you looked up at me with your big fucking eyes and I was still too much of a coward to make a move but you kissed me. Best goddamn day of my life. Anyway. I wondered if you went to see the The Bench. Next time I'll come out with you and we'll kiss on that bench again. I bet Jim and Joyce never come out west, so we might as well go visit next time the nerds are in town too. Fuck it, I might even get a kick out of seeing the old man all by himself yelling at birds.

Also, did you go to the park where we fucked off in the middle of prom? We abandoned our dates to hang out together on goddamn prom night and still hadn't figured it out yet. Idiots.

Holy shit I heard the door slam. YOU TOOK AN EARLIER FLIGHT
FUCK I LOVE YOU BABY SEE YOU IN FIVE SECONDS!!!

Billy